



ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.

THE PALACE CLOTHING STORE

—OF—

SIMON ROTHSCHILD,

Is selling CLOTHING, GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, etc.

CHEAPER THAN ANY HOUSE IN ABILENE. FOLLOW THE CROWD AND YOU WILL STOP AT THE CHEAPEST STORE IN ABILENE, WHICH IS SIMON ROTHSCHILD'S Palace Clothing Store.

To convince you of this fact I would be pleased to show you, at any time, the most complete assortment in this line of goods in the city of Abilene. As I make Clothing a specialty, I can safely say, without exaggerating in the least, that I can at any time sell you a suit and save you from \$3 to \$5. To convince you of this fact notice the price list and call and examine goods before going elsewhere.

PRICE LIST.

MEN'S SUITS.		YOUTHS SUITS.		MEN'S OVERCOATS.		YOUTHS OVERCOATS.	
From 37 to 42 Size.		From 34 to 37 Size.		From 37 to 42 Size.		From 34 to 37 Size.	
Sattinet suits,.....	worth \$ 8 for \$ 4	Sattinet suits,.....	worth \$ 6 for \$ 4	Sattinet Overcoats,.....	worth \$ 4 for \$ 2	Sattinet Overcoats,.....	worth \$ 4 for \$ 2
Union Cassimere suits,.....	" 10 "	Sattinet suits,.....	" 8 "	Sattinet Overcoats,.....	" 8 "	Sattinet Overcoats,.....	" 6 "
Union Cassimere suits,.....	" 12 "	Union Cassimere suits,.....	" 10 "	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,.....	" 10 "	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,.....	" 8 "
All Wool Cassimere suits,.....	" 15 "	Union Cassimere suits,.....	" 15 "	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,.....	" 12 "	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,.....	" 10 "
All Wool Cassimere suits,.....	" 18 "	All wool suits,.....	" 15 "	All Wool Cassimere Overcoats,.....	" 15 "	All wool double faced Overcoats,.....	" 12 "
Extra Fine all wool suits,.....	" 20 "	All wool suits,.....	" 20 "	All Wool Cas. ex. heavy Over.,.....	" 20 "	All wool double faced Overcoats,.....	" 15 "
Extra Fine all wool suits,.....	" 22 "	English worsted suits,.....	" 25 "	All Wool Cas. ex. heavy Over.,.....	" 22 "	Fancy double faced Overcoats,.....	" 18 "
Extra Fine all wool suits,.....	" 25 "	English worsted suits,.....	" 30 "	English Worsted Overcoats,.....	" 25 "	Fancy double faced Overcoats,.....	" 20 "
English Worsted suits,.....	" 30 "	English worsted suits,.....	" 35 "	English Worsted Overcoats,.....	" 30 "	English Worsted Overcoats,.....	" 25 "
Custom made suits in line cassimere and worsted,		Custom made suits, nobly goods,.....	" 35 "	English Melton Overcoats,.....	" 40 "	English Worsted Overcoats,.....	" 25 "
worth \$30 for \$25; worth \$40 \$30.				English Beaver Overcoats,.....	" 40 "	English Melton Overcoats,.....	" 30 "

I mean business. Come and see me at the PALACE CLOTHING STORE, on Broadway corner Third Street.

Good-Bye.

From the January Century.

We say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this,—
Good-bye.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way,—
Good-bye.

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond Earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night,—
Good-bye.

Her Choice.

From the January Century.

"Behold! it is a draught from Lethe's wave.
Thy voice of weeping reaches even that strand
Washed by strange waters in Elysian land;
I bring the peace thy weary soul doth crave.
Drink, and from vain regret thy future save."
She lifted deep, dark eyes wherein there lay
The sacred sorrow of love's ended day.
Then took the chalice from the angel's hand,
Life with new love, or life with memory
Of the old love? Her heart beat instant choice;
Like tender music rang the faithful voice:
"O sweet my love, an offering to thee!"
And with brave smile, albeit the tears flowed fast,
Upon the earth the priceless draught she cast.
ELIZA C. JENKINS HALL.

OPERA HOUSE.

Friday Evening, Dec. 28th.

LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY!

Smith's Original Mammoth Double

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Realistic Representation Great Company

25 Celebrated Performers,

8 Colored Plantation Singers,

2 Topseys, in Songs and Dances,

2 Marks, the Lawyers,

2 Laughable Trick Donkeys,

6 Mammoth Bloodhounds.

THE JOLLY COON QUARTETTE.

Old Time Southern Plantation Scenes.

Happy Days in the South; We'll

Dance and Sing the Lib-Long Day;

Magnificent Allegory and Transfor-

mation Scene; Street Parade by the

NOVELTY DRUM CORPS.

They Won't Believe Him.

Chicago Times.

Mr. Blaine still gives his friends the most assurance that he would not on any account accept the nomination; but if, as a delegate from Maine, he should go into the convention, thrill the audience with an exhibition of his hurling lance business, nominate somebody else in an electrical speech adroitly setting forth his own qualifications, pose at every point of the session for the admiration of the throng, and finally slip in as an unexpected dark horse, it is possible that, like the reluctant Garfield, he might comply with the desire of the convention.

TOUCHING THE TARIFF.

Mr. Henry Waterson on the Disturbance of Public Business.

Some of the Peculiarities of the High Protectionists—Methods Employed to Encourage the Suffering Monopolists.

From a Recent Speech.

Now, what is this sacred thing which we must not touch? Who is this tariff, and why must we approach it with necks bowed and heads uncovered? In the good old days of "free trade and sailors' rights," and not a thousand miles from this spot, the first locomotive of a newly constructed railway line passed through the "back settlements" at night, and the frightened people who turned out to see it are reported to have decided at once that it must be "either the devil or high tariff." Well, this monstrosity is both; it is the devil and high tariff!

I shall not detain you with a history or tariff legislation in the United States. The spirit of free trade hovered over the cradle of the first tariff—fifty years before the spirit of free trade prevailed in England—which is sufficient answer to the lie that, in demanding justice for our producing classes, we are copying England. We have had eight full grown, life-sized tariffs, which, in turn, have given birth to any number of children, legitimate and illegitimate, some of them healthy and sound of limb, but most of them cripples. For present discussion we need only consider the two last, the Morrill tariff of 1861, and, for the matter of that, the Morrill tariff of 1883, for they are much the same, like Mrs. Malaprop's Mr. Cerberus, "two gentlemen in one."

The tariff of 1861 was confessedly a war measure. No one pretended that it was to survive the war. It was a voluntary sacrifice upon the altars of patriotism. But, instead of repealing it with other war measures, which with the advent of peace were erased from the statute book, the protectionists, who had got their book deep into the gills of our tariff system, have contrived to retain all its bad features, and to sneak into it some of the vilest jobs of which legislation can be accused. What would you say, if I should tell you that, nobody knows how, nobody knows by whom, there was smuggled into one of the "supplemental acts," under which from time to time, a pretense of modification has been sent up, allowing foreigners—Englishmen, Russians, Frenchmen, Turks and Chinese—to come into our ship yards and buy and build ships free from duty, and prohibiting our own citizens from doing the same thing? Well, such is the fact. The only limitation put upon the foreigner is that,

when he has availed himself of the privilege accorded him, he shall take his duty-free ship away with him, so that our people shall get no benefit from it nor our suffering ship builders be deprived of the opportunity to rob their countrymen. This act, which should have been entitled "An act for the relief of John Roach, and for other purposes," crept into the so-called "revision" of 1872; it was transferred thence to the revised statutes, and, to bind it still faster, it was re-enacted by the new tariff, and there it may be found by anyone who wants to know what is the matter with American shipping. And yet, in the face of such a measure, we had a congressional commission for months wandering up and down our Atlantic seaboard with a dark lantern and a spy-glass, seeking, or professing to seek, reasons for the decline of our carrying trade. Still we are told we must not overhaul our navigation laws, for that "would disturb the business of the country."

During the war many of our ships sought shelter under neutral flags. The government sent up a claim of indirect damage for these at Geneva; and then it turned about and made the exclusion of these very ships perpetual. Yet we must not lay a finger upon our navigation laws lest we "disturb the business of the country."

In the eyes of protection the "business of the country" is the business of the protectionists.

In his admirable work upon political economy, Professor Perry gives two curious examples of the sort of "reform" the protectionists managed from time to time to get into the Morrill tariff of 1861. If they were not so serious, and at the same time so typical of a bad system, they would be amusing. In August, 1866, for the purpose of increasing the duties—under the protection ideas, mark you, it is always "increasing," never "decreasing," the duties—it was provided by congress that the costs of transportation, shipment, commissions, brokerage and all similar charges should be added to the invoice value of imports to make up "the demination sum total" on which the duties should be levied. This applied to "all" dutiable imports except—Now, what do you suppose was excepted? Medicines? No. Surgical implements? No. Books, perhaps? Not a bit of it. The doctors were too poor to have a lobby at Washington, and the publishers, it may be, were too busy robbing foreign authors, or too well satisfied with the good thing they have in the tariff. That which was long combing, or carpet wools, costing 12 cents or less per pound. There was already a high duty on carpets. The people were compelled to pay this high duty or go without carpets. But, not

content with this, those blessed infants, the carpet manufacturers, were able to obtain exemption for the raw material entering into their business, at a time when the rate was increased upon all other dutiable goods. Thus they robbed the carpet-buyer both ways at once; and says Professor Perry, "ten days before this act went into effect" it was, I take it, passed in order to keep the carpet-looms from stopping and thousands of poor workmen from being turned out to starve, "the Hartford Carpet company declared a semi-annual dividend of 20 per cent, and its shares were announced as worth \$275 each, with the dividend off." And still the carpet people are not happy, but are working their fingers to the bone to keep the working men of America from an inundation of Chinese cheap labor. But we must not touch the tariff, for that would "disturb the business of the country."

The other instance cited by Professor Perry is equally significant and shocking. In October, 1871, occurred the great Chicago fire. The winter following an act of congress was passed exempting from tariff taxation, for one year only and for Chicago alone, all building material except lumber. For once the iron men, the lightning rod agents, the glass men, and the curtain canvassers were caught napping. Chicago was free to rebuild herself of anything and everything except of "lumber." On every wood wall, floor, roof, window sash, doorway, she had to pay a duty to protect that weak and puling infant industry, the forests of Michigan and Wisconsin. And why? Because, while the bill was still pending a car-load of lumber lords, loaded down with congressional cheese and crackers, rolled into Washington, and in about the time the Indian took to eat the woodcock, the thing was done. But we must not touch the tariff lest we "disturb the business of the country."

Nevertheless the tariff was touched. The republican party could not stand the racket. So, with the help of a few over-conservative democrats, it enacted what is called a tariff commission, and the president packed this with protectionists. I will not waste either your time or my own upon what was simply a make-shift. The act treating the commission was a plea for continuance. The commission was a job. Its career was a scandal. Its report was a joke. It was thrown out of both houses with contempt, each house formulating a tariff bill of its own, and, finally, a committee of conference, disregarding all precedent and all decency, with a little glue here and a little solder there, botched together a new bill, and this is the wonderful invention we must treat as a thing divine, because, if we venture

to question it, we shall "disturb the business of the country," and perhaps cost the democratic party the election of a president.

I grant that the conference bill was an improvement on the commission bill. In some respects it was an improvement upon the house bill. But it was an outrage. For example, the house bill fixed a duty of \$15 on steel rails, the senate a duty of \$16.58. The conference set both aside and fixed it at \$17. Both houses fixed a rate on iron ore. The conference put it at sixty-five cents. All the way through special interest was the rule and increased duties the practice. But we must not touch it. If we do we shall "disturb the business of the country."

Do you suppose, fellow citizens, the time will ever come when the snug holders of special privilege, who sip their wine and rub their shins, and, warmed by subsidized fire-sides, talk piously about the pauper labor of Europe, will allow that the business of the country can stand an investigation of the title by which they are enabled to levy a tax upon an overwhelming majority of their fellow-citizens, and to convert this tax into a fund which they call their "dividend"? Who is to decide when subsidies shall stop or be reduced; those who get them or those who give them? Did anybody ever hear of the voluntary restitution of a bounty? And if we are not to discuss our taxes, and, if possible, modify them, what shall we discuss? One thing is certain: they are not going to reform themselves. We have heard the whine about our "infant industries" nearly a century. At this moment we have "infants" fifty, sixty, and seventy years of age, still muling and puking in the nurse's arms—and in every case the older the infant, the bigger the baby! Is it not time that an end should be put to such child's play? Is a great and powerful nation, a nation of half a hundred millions of freemen, a nation which has led the world, in prowess, enterprise and invention, to be tied forever to grandmotherly apron strings and shut in by a never-ending Chinese wall, misnamed "Protection"? Are stupid pleas for "infant industries" which have been suckled by the government time out of mind, and stupider rant about the laboring classes, and yet stupider drive about the "business of the country" to deter us from looking over the books and overhauling the accounts and taking stock of our taxes as it were? Mark the inconsistency of the protectionists. The custom list, which bristles with subsidies, must not be molested. But they propose with one fell swoop to blot out the internal revenue—\$150,000,000 annually yielded to the treasury by spirits and tobacco. We are to have as much free whisky as we

please, but no free woolsens. We may smoke and chew as much untaxed tobacco as we like, but we must pay a duty on every necessary article of living. The obliteration of \$150,000,000, paid without an effort or a murmur by the consumers of spirits and tobacco, is all right. That can in no wise affect the business of the country," but if we dare put a finger upon the customs list, which yields the government one part, and the protected monopoly from five to ten parts, we are denounced as revolutionists.

Fellow-citizens, I have endeavored to speak to you to night less as a doctrinaire than as a patriot. No man's faith can exceed the measure of my belief in the dogma of free trade; and, with entire confidence that the complete revision and reform of our tax system cannot be long delayed, and is as sure as any future event can be, I have, in a general way, had it in my heart and hope that the tariff and debt may go out together. But in order that we may consider questions of business and commercial detail with intelligence and candor, we must have a clear and open field. There are at this moment party forces at work to deny us this. The protectionist dare not discuss protection.—Sectionalists are too indolent, too ignorant, or too malignant to discuss anything but old sores. It is the interest of the people of the United States to turn away from the past. It is particularly hurtful to a sound public policy that the people of one state, or one section, should distress themselves about the domestic conditions which exist in other states and sections. If I wanted to say a mean thing in answer, for example, to the frequent charge that human life is held cheaper in the south and west than in the east—which is true—I might intimate that men are at least as safe in Kentucky as women seem to be in Connecticut. But what have I to do with police duty and efficiency in Connecticut? Those who are immediately concerned may be trusted, and ought to be trusted to keep their house in order. If they do not surely no one else can. The people of Massachusetts resent, and very justly, the impeachment of their civilization because of the Tewksbury disclosures, and with what greater show of reason or wisdom can New York sit in judgment upon the local affairs of Virginia? It is always easy for a hostile spirit to make a case against a distant object of assault. The protectionists and the sectionalists have therefore entered into a compact to force the fighting next year upon worn out lines of antagonism in order to get rid of topics of present interest. The sectionalist is a thorough bourgeois. He forgets nothing and learns nothing. The protectionist sees in him

a jurymast whereon to prop his tattered canvas. It is for the enlightened and the patriotic among our public men to defeat this scheme for setting the clock back, by a demand, which cannot be denied, for live issues. I am sorry to say that there are members of my own party who have allied themselves with the agents of corruption and obstruction. Happily, there are not many of them, and these will encounter a speedy and a total defeat. We shall have a revenue reform speaker of the house. We shall have a revenue reform committee of ways and means. We shall have a careful, thoughtful measure of revenue reform. This measure will plant itself upon the principle that taxes are meant exclusively for revenue, and that, when the government has got its revenue the tax shall stop. With that we can go to the people confidently, defying the socialist and the protectionist. On that we can make a good fight for the right. And if we fail, we shall have something still to fight for, and can pick our flint and try it again. And if we win we shall come into power with a policy enlightened, beneficent and just to all; in the perfection of which we shall find, along with everything the country needs, much to lift us out of the mire of mere spoil and into the higher regions of a pure and useful administration of the public service.

What Paralyzed Him.

A St. Louis young man is in the city, says the Philadelphia *Call*, visiting a Walnut street lady whom he fondly hopes some day to lead to the altar.

He is flush of money, which is generally the only redeeming feature about a western youth away from home, and he invited his girl to a dinner at a Chestnut street restaurant.

The waiter presented each with a bill of fare, and in less than fifteen seconds the young woman had expressed herself as follows:

"You may bring me a little turbotin a la Duchesse, some of the coquelettes d'Agneaux a la Villeroi without any sauce, and a small bit of supreme de volaille a la Rossini; and be quick about it."

"Your order, s'il vous plait," said the waiter to the St. Louisan.

"S-s-s," he replied, turning pale. "Your order, if you please," repeated the waiter.

"Oh, yes," he said, holding on to the bill of fare with both hands to save himself from falling. "I'll have a dish of—of petits coquelettes a la—la a la Joinville and—and a hand-boiled egg and a cup of kofy, and—and that's all at present."

He then turned gracefully to the young lady and remarked that "St. Louis was a bigger city than Chicago ever dared be, and as for Philadelphia, why it was rather a pleasant sort of a place, but too old-foggy and slow."